

Cass. But soft I pray you: what did *Caesar* swoone?
Cass. He fell downe in the Market-place, and foam'd
at mouth, and was speechlesse.

Brut. 'Tis very like he hath the Falling sicknesse.
Cass. No, *Caesar* hath it not: but you, and I,
And honest *Cassius*, we haue the Falling sicknesse.

Cass. I know not what you meane by that, but I am
sure *Caesar* fell downe. If the rag-ragge people did not
clap him, and hisse him, according as he pleas'd, and dis-
pleas'd them, as they vse to doe the Players in the Thea-
tre, I am no true man.

Brut. What said he, when he came vnto himselfe?

Cass. Marry, before he fell downe, when he percei'd
the common Heard was glad he refus'd the Crowne, he
pluckt me ope his Doublet, and offer'd them his Throat
to cut: and I had bene a man of any Occupation, if I
would not haue taken him at a word, I would I might
goe to Hell among the Rogues, and so hee fell. When
he came to himselfe againe, hee said, If hee had done, or
said any thing amisse, he desir'd their Worships to thinke
it was his infirmite. Three or foure Wenches where I
stood, cryed, Alasse good Soule, and forgaue him with
all their hearts: But there's no need to be taken of them;
if *Caesar* had stab'd their Mothers, they would haue done
no lesse.

Brut. And after that, he came thus sad away.

Cass. I.

Cass. Did *Cicero* say any thing?

Cass. I, he spoke Greeke.

Cass. To what effect?

Cass. Nay, and I tell you that, Ile ne're looke you
i'th' face againe. But those that vnderstood him, smil'd
at one another, and shooke their heads: but for mine
owne part, it was Greeke to me. I could tell you more
newes too: *Murellus* and *Flavius*, for pulling Scarffes
off *Caesars* Images, are put to silence. Fare you well.
There was more Foolerie yet, if I could remem-
ber it.

Cass. Will you suppe with me to Night, *Cassius*?

Cass. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cass. Will you Dine with me to morrow?

Cass. If I be aliue, and your minde hold, and your
Dinner worth the eating.

Cass. Good, I will expect you.

Cass. Doe so: farewell both. *Exit.*

Brut. What a blunt fellow is this growne to be?
He was quick Mettle, when he went to Schoole.

Cass. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold, or Noble Enterprize,
How euer he puts on this tardie forme:
This Rudenesse is a Sawce to his good Wit,
Which giues men stomacke to digest his words
With better Appetite.

Brut. And so it is:

For this time I will leaue you:

To morrow, if you please to speake with me,
I will come home to you: or if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cass. I will doe so: till then, thinke of the World.

Exit Brutus.

Well *Brutus*, thou art Noble; yet I see,
Thy Honorable Mettle may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd: therefore it is meet,
That Noble mindes keepe euer with their likes:
For who so firme, that cannot be seduc'd?
Caesar doth beare me hard, but he loues *Brutus*.

If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Cassius*,
He should not humor me. I will this Night,
In feuerall Hands, in at his Windowes throw,
As if they came from feuerall Citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his Name: wherein obscurely
Caesars Ambition shall be glanced at.
And after this, let *Caesar* feat him sure,
For wee will shake him, or worse dayes endure.

Exit.

Thunder, and Lightning. Enter *Cassius*,
and *Cicero*.

Cic. Good euen, *Cassius*: brought you *Caesar* home?
Why are you breathlesse, and why stare you so?

Cass. Are not you mou'd, when all the sway of Earth
Shakes, like a thing vnfirm? O *Cicero*,
I haue scene Tempests, when the scolding Winds
Haue riu'd the knottie Oakes, and I haue scene
Th'ambitious Ocean swell, and rage, and foame,
To be exalted with the threatning Clouds:
But neuer till to Night, neuer till now,
Did I goe through a Tempest-dropping-fire,
Eythre there is a Ciuill strife in Heauen,
Or else the World, too sawcie with the Gods,
Incenseth them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderfull?

Cass. A common slaue, you know him well by sight,
Held vp his left Hand, which did flame and burne
Like twentie Torches ioynd; and yet his Hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd vnscorch'd.
Besides, I ha' not since put vp my Sword,
Against the Capitoll I met a Lyon,
Who glaz'd vpon me, and went furly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawne
Vpon a heape, a hundred gashly Women,
Transformed with their feare, who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walke vp and downe the streetes,
And yesterday, the Bird of Night did sit,
Euer at Noone-day, vpon the Market place,
Howling, and shrieking. When these Prodigious
Doe so conioyntly meet, let not men say,
These are their Reasons, they are Naturall:
For I beleene, they are portentious things
Vnto the Clymate, that they point vpon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Cleane from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes *Caesar* to the Capitoll to morrow?

Cass. He doth: for he did bid *Antonio*
Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.

Cic. Good-night then, *Cassius*:

This disturbed Skie is not to walke in.

Cass. Farewell *Cicero*. *Exit Cicero.*

Enter *Cassius*.

Cass. Who's there?

Cass. A Roman.

Cass. *Cassius*, by your Voyce.

Cass. Your Eare is good.

Cassius, what Night is this?

Cass. A very pleasing Night to honest men.

Cass. Who euer knew the Heauens menace so?

Cass. Those that haue knowne the Earth so full of
faults,

For

For my part, I haue walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me vnto the perillous Night;
And thus vnbraced, *Cassius*, as you see,
Haue bar'd my Bosome to the Thunder-stone:
And when the crosse blew Lightning seem'd to open
The Breest of Heauen, I did present my selfe
Euen in the ayre, and very flash of it. *(uens?)*

Cass. But wherefore did you so much tempt the Hea-
ven? It is the part of men, to feare and tremble,
When the most mightie Gods, by tokens send
Such dreadfull Heralds, to astonish vs.

Cass. You are dull, *Cassius*:
And those sparkes of Life, that should be in a Roman,
You doe want, or else you vse not.

You looke pale, and gaze, and put on feare,
And cast your selfe in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the Heauens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these Fires, why all these gliding Ghosts,
Why Birds and Beasts, from qualitie and kinde,
Why Old men, Fooles, and Children calculate,
Why all these things change from their Ordinance,
Their Natures, and pre-formed Faculties,
To monstrous qualitie; why you shall finde,
That Heauen hath infus'd them with these Spirits,
To make them Instruments of feare, and warning,
Vnto some monstrous State.

Now could I (*Cassius*) name to thee a man,
Most like this dreadfull Night,
That Thunders, Lightens, opens Graues, and roares,
As doth the Lyon in the Capitoll:
A man no mightier then thy selfe, or me,
In personall action; yet prodigious growne,
And fearefull, as these strange eruptions are.

Cass. 'Tis *Caesar* that you meane:

Is it not, *Cassius*?

Cass. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Haue Thewes, and Limbes, like to their Ancestors;
But woe the while, our Fathers mindes are dead,
And we are gouern'd with our Mothers spirits,
Our yoake, and sufferance, shew vs Womankind.

Cass. Indeed, they say, the Senators to morrow
Meane to establish *Caesar* as a King:
And he shall weare his Crowne by Sea, and Land,
In euery place, saue here in Italy.

Cass. I know where I will weare this Dagger then;
Cassius from Bondage will deliuer *Cassius*:

Therein, yee Gods, you make the weake most strong;
Therein, yee Gods, you Tyrants doe defeat,
Nor Stonie Tower, nor Walls of beaten Brasse,
Nor ayre-lesse Dungeon, nor strong Linkes of Iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit:

But Life being wearie of these worldly Barres,
Neuer lacks power to dilimise it selfe.
If I know this, know all the World besides,
That part of Tyrannie that I doe beare,
I can shake off at pleasure. *Thunder still.*

Cass. So can I:
So euery Bond-man in his owne hand beares
The power to cancell his Captiuitie.

Cass. And why should *Caesar* be a Tyrant then?
Poore man, I know he would not be a Wolfe,
But that he fees the Romans are but Sheepe:
He were no Lyon, were not Romans Hindes.
Those that with haste will make a mightie fire,
Begin it with weake Strawes. What trash is Rome?

What Rubbish, and what
For the base matter, to illu-
So vile a thing as *Caesar*.
Where hast thou led me?
Before a willing Bond-man
My answere must be made
And dangers are to me in-
Cass. You speake to *C*

That is no feareful Tell-ta-
Be factious for redresse of
And I will set this foot of
As who goes farthest.

Cass. There's a Bargain!
Now know you, *Cassius*, I
Some certaine of the Nob
To vnder-goe, with me, a
Of honorable dangerous
And I doe know by this, t
In *Pompeys* Porch: for no
There is no stirre, or walki
And the Complexion of t
Is Fauors, like the Worke
Most bloodie, fierie, and m

Enter

Cassius. Stand close a w
haste.

Cass. 'Tis *Cinna*, I doe
He is a friend. *Cinna*, who
Cinna. To finde out
Cymbere?

Cass. No, it is *Cassius*,
To our Attempts. Am I

Cinna. I am glad on't.
What a fearefull Night is
There's two or three of vs

Cass. Am I not stay'd
Cinna. Yes, you are. *C*

If you could but winne th
To our party—

Cass. Be you content.
And looke you lay it in th

Where *Brutus* may but
In at his Window; set th

Vpon old *Brutus* Statue:
Repaire to *Pompeys* Porch

Is *Decius Brutus* and *Treb*
Cinna. All, but *Metell*

To seeke you at your hou
And so bestow these Pap

Cass. That done, repa
Come *Cassius*, you and I w

See *Brutus* at his house:
Is ours already, and the

Vpon the next encounter
Cass. O, he sits high

And that which would a
His Countenance, like ri

Will change to Vertue, a
Cass. Him, and his w

You haue right well con
For it is after Mid-nigh

We will awake him, and
kk